

Army Of The Pharaohs, Tear It Down

(Intro: Reef The Lost Cause)

Yeah...this is where I talk shit (Yeah nigga, talk shit!)

AOTP...Lost Cauze, my man Planetary

What up, Crypt? Yeah

Vinnie Paz

All this shit probably gettin' CUT! Yeah!

"Step through the door, tore the shit off the hinges" <-(sampled from "Stand Up

(Verse 1: Reef The Lost Cauze)

Yo, this young buck rowdy, my gun buck loudly

When I was a pup, they had me locked up down in Buck's County

But I beat that wrap, you never catch me on a beat that's wack

I can't eat like that

Reef that cat who cock back, let the Desert hit you

When you thought I was just talkin' shit like Freddie Mitchell

You ain't ready, is you? I invest into every pistol

Aim on point like a steady missile

Heavy fiscal, I need that love, hundreds and dubs

Where the weed at? I need that drug, 'cause I'm addicted to it

Rhyme-boxes, start spittin' fluid

When y'all do it, seem don't nobody listen to it

Love from Philly, all the way to kids in Munich

Germany, I murder beats and add the difference to it

Word to Paziienza, smack your men's up, crack your limbs up

And leave you fucked up like a Latin's liver

(Chorus) (x2)

"So listen up"

"They be scrapin' your cantaloupe off the pavement"

"You know we in the place with the guns in our waist"

"Step through the door, tore the shit off the hinges" <-(all sampled from "Stand U

(Verse 2: Planetary)

This is the start of you dyin', Plan' spit with the heart of a lion

The belt of Orion wrapped around your neck with the iron

Pointed at your fuckin' chest, bitch niggas is cryin'

I'm with Reef The Lost Cauze and we causin' the violence

We causin' the murder that causin' niggaz carryin' burners

We the cause and effect of life, it's hard to observe us

You don't understand, we got the upper hand spittin'

First you need to over-stand, you soft like underhand pitchin'

You could tell I'm a Pun fan when I'm spittin'

Rappers like me are hard to come by, like coppin' Summer Jam tickets

You need to focus before you think to approach us

You scream "player" dog, we the coaches

Too ferocious, bo-guarded, every moment is precious

You niggas is co-starrin', we the stars of this epic

Unveilin' the secret, it's more than fairy tales that we preachin'

This that '94 boom bap shit that we teachin'

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Vinnie Paz)

Cut your head off, guillotine, Henry The 8th style

Y'all remindin' me of Cheddar Bob in 8 Mile

I wanna see everybody in the place wild

Anybody move, buck 'em in they face "Blaow!"

I stay bent daddy, night and day

Show 'em that I care when I send kites to Jay

It ain't nice, but it's right to say

It's real, when the cat gone, mice will play

It's ice today, but tomorrow you breathless

My team is on the same shit like collaborative efforts

We grab at your necklace, there's no other way
We bring it back to the East like we brother Jay
Any fuckin' day, you could come see us
North, South, West Philly, you don't wanna meet us
We some wild Puerto Ricans, Italians, Morenos
Fuck it! Let they brains blow

(Chorus)

(Outro)

"They be scrapin' your cantaloupe off the pavement" (x4)